1143

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In accordance with these plans, a New Building, of large dimensions, is to be erected in immediate contiguity with the present premises; and this will enable us to carry our intentions into full and satisfactory effect.

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In corroborating the bona fide character of this statement, we would appeal to the fidelity with which our former announcements have been carried out; and we will only add that all who may be pleased to visit the establishment will find, for the reasons we have indicated, that the quotations are at once attractive, surprising and unparalleled.

Full List of Prices and particulars of the Sale, occupying nearly two columns, will be found in the *Examiner* of Saturday last.

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THE MESSIAH: SPOHR'S POWER OF SOUND SYMPHONY: BEETHOVEN: GADE: AND MISCELLANIES.

THE annual performance of the *Messiah* was marked by all the advantages and all the disadvantages of a work almost known by heart, and therefore—not rehearsed. What we lost in delicate expression we gained in a certain freshness and vigour which could not have been expected if the immense work had been rehearsed the same day. Performers bring to the *Messiah* a certain confidence of success which is unfavourable to the revelation of new beauties. It is the timid sauntering youth, forgetting himself in the world around, who sees the shadow on the wheat and plucks the flower by the way, and not the self-confident man who hurries onwards with the energy of an inward satisfaction. The singing of Mr. Sims Reeves was the singing of an artist who does not merely try to please—he tries to impress. His mission in life is not to help to kill time, unless a man may be said to kill time who lifts us above the temporalities of every day life. Mr. Santley would hold a similar position if he threw a little more of the dramatic element into his singing. He succeeds in suggesting the general tone of the character he impersonates, and it is always a pleasure to listen to his fine and manly voice. But this is not sufficient. We want occasionally stirring up, and it is not in Mr. Santley's comfortable nature to stir anything up. Of Madame Patey we hardly like to speak the truth. It is like casting a doubt upon the courage of a soldier, or shrugging your shoulders at the chastity of a nun, to say of a professional that she sings out of tune. And yet Madame Patey not only sings out of tune,—she sings very much out of tune. You may forgive a man who, in the fulness of his heart, murders his nearest relation; but you cannot forgive a man who, in cold blood, eats peas with a knife. In spite of the abridgements which the *Messiah* has from time to time undergone, it is still much too long for a general audience. As nobody dares (and wisely so) to cut out more of the work, the performance is shortened by accelerating the time of some of the airs. The consequence is that the music loses much of the mystic gloom and the descriptive power which, in certain passages, ought to hold the audience in a state of rapturous suspense bordering on anxiety. A performance may be curtailed by quick playing, and Mr. Hallé may think it his duty to set an example by beginning the "Short-time" movement at his concerts, and if the price of middling Orleans keeps up, we may expect our next criticism of the *Messiah* to be something in this style:—"This oratorio, which was due at 10-30 p.m., was punctual to a minute. No accident happened, although it went at the rate of twenty bars a second."

The tenth concert was interesting, chiefly on account of Spohr's symphony, *The Power of Sound*. It is one of the few of his compositions which can be enjoyed throughout. It was played pretty well, and it was a happy experiment to place it at the beginning of the second part, after the rest, which was necessary, in order to enjoy it. Songs may be the best media for introducing a taste for music, and a descriptive symphony, like this of Spohr's, is probably the most adapted for practising the nascent taste. If a man wants this Symphony explaining to him, he may safely own that he has no sympathy for music. Music must tell its own tale. It begins to lisp to us just there where words, in all their pride of expression, fail to have a meaning. Where language often opens only a small channel into the head, music will gush in, and drown every attempt at philosophical resistance in the tender waves of sound. Mr. Hallé played Mozart's Concerto, in C minor, superbly. It is a marvellous composition, full of that simplicity which looks so easy, and is so difficult.

Last Thursday's concert commenced with Beethoven's *Festival* overture. It was well played, and the brass instruments displayed unusual discretion. If anything, it went too smoothly, so that two or three flashes of noise and light were left out. The music calls to our imagination a picture of feudal festivity, the mailed knights with their lances, the pompous little ladies and the clashing tournament, but they all assembled too quietly, too much as if it were a modern flower show; we missed the manly rudeness, the shivering of arms, the flashing of the armour in the sun. The overture was followed by an air from *Faust*, "Gently whisper to her of love," sung by Madame Sinico in a *voix gamin*, which quite spoilt the idea of the song. If Mdlle. Sinico calls this a gentle whisper, we should not like to hear her speak aloud. Her voice is as clear and metallic as a silver bell, and it would require real feeling to subordinate this gay quality of voice into a tone of simplicity and touching sorrow. This feeling Mdlle. Sinico does not exert, and the consequence is that her wildest grief is more like methodical hysterics, her joy is the glass of iced water to a woman in a burning fever, her maidenly simplicity reminds us of the porcelain shepherdesses in powdered hair and looped dresses. Mr. Hallé next played a Rondo Brillante of Mendelssohn's in a very finished manner, and he was skilfully accompanied by the orchestra. It was as if the piano took the place of the heart, its joyous beats vibrated through the whole body of the orchestra into its different members.

Scarcely had we gathered our senses after this beautiful dream, than we were pitched head-long into a ditch of Verdi. Pretty as it may be in itself, the air from *La Traviata* was so overdosed with sentimentality and ungraceful ornament as to be quite intolerable. Coming directly after the *rondo*, it was like going from the Free Trade Hall to the Alexandra, without getting up. After gazing on a landscape with its summer tints, and dancing sun light, and joyous rest, how can we be expected to enjoy the Belle Vue fireworks, which require darkness (inward) to appreciate them? Why are we dragged in this zigzag way from one composer to another? Are there no songs fit to keep company with such men as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Gade? The song was followed by a grand symphony. If Mr. Hallé were to order his dinner-table in the same way as he arranges his programmes, he would render the most splendid banquet distasteful. To place a trivial Italian song just before the grand symphony, is quite as bad as giving you the dessert and the sugar-plums before the joint, and quite as injurious to the musical digestion. We are grateful to Mr. Hallé for introducing Gade's very charming symphony. We do not detect any striking originality in the general design of it; but the tone of his instrumentation is coloured with true Scandinavian melancholy. The fancies which his music suggest are of the purest, chastest, most poetical quality. It was played with evident enjoyment by the orchestra; but how much more enjoyable it would have been if it had been placed at the beginning of the second part.

Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* was not so satisfactorily played. The manifold voices which seek expression in it were stifled, and we think that the time was a little too slow. A very exquisite distinction has to be made in the time of music like this. From dreaminess to drowsiness is a very short step. From the light and healthy sleep which sets the mind free to wander at its will

in dreams, to the sluggish unconsciousness which wearies you with an excess of rest. A very interesting feature of the concert was the concerto for four violins. It is by no means a mere *tour de force* on the part of the composer in having written for four violins, but a very beautiful work. Of course it is more dependent upon good playing than music written for conventional groups of instruments, but then the playing was very excellent. The violinists were Messrs. Carrodus, Wiener, Bauerkeller. and Risegari. The performance was greeted by hearty applause, and it can only have been the vanity of the diffidence which prevented the gentlemen from acknowledging the applause with the respect due to such a large audience. The appetite created by this novelty and Gade's Symphony makes us long for others, such as Schumann's Symphonies and Beethoven's ninth, which after such long and unpardonable neglect may also be ranked amongst the novelties. The style in which Madame Sinico sang "My mother bids me bind my hair" (Haydn may have had a good share in it) enabled us to part with her on better terms. And yet she contrives to give to the simplest music a certain coquettish wisdom, so that we could easily imagine the words—

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,

changed into—

My mother bids me dye my hair
With tinge of golden hue.

The "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture is hardly in its place in a brilliant concert-room. It carries us away to a German coffee-garden, with the row of lindens, the little tables, the men sprawling on the chairs, the procession of pretty girls, the strains of music borne upon the soft, warm, womanish breeze, which woos the smoke as it issues from our mouth.

BOOK HUNTING IN MANCHESTER.

IN this hard-working, money-getting city of ours we are not so far given over to gold and cotton, to the exclusion of literature and the arts, as some who live outside us seem disposed to believe. In the matter of books we are indeed more closely acquainted with the ponderous tomes in whose chapters debit and credit form the chief initial words, than with those which Mr. Ruskin came down to tell us might with truth be regarded as king's treasuries. But, after making due allowance for the parvenu spirit which is sure to exist where wealth and ignorance are found in close alliance, and which displays itself in ordering richly-bound volumes by the yard, there is still left among us no small amount of the true love of learning, and perhaps in no other city in the kingdom do good or rare books find such a ready market. That we are fond of books in a general way our thriving sellers of new ones bear ample testimony, but it is not of these that we wish to write at this time. What we have to say pertains more especially to old books, and to those who buy and sell them. The number of shops in which these old books are to be bought is few, so few, indeed, that you may almost count them on your fingers, for they scarcely exceed a dozen in number. They are of varied kinds, from those which appeal to the princely collector with volumes richly bound in tree calf by Hayday, to the modest little den-like places where the shelves present a rugged and ragged array of books attired in their primitive simplicity—those ragged veterans for whom Charles Lamb expressed such a fondness. All these receptacles of learning are alike interesting to the scholar or collector, inasmuch as they contain the wrecks of libraries, and the waifs and strays of literature. Most of these shops are to be met with in the principal thoroughfares, but in our book-hunting rambles we have found a few located in strange out-of-the-way places. To get at some we have had to penetrate to the centre of Shudehill market, to do which it has been necessary to thread the mazes of outlying accumulations of old clothes, marine stores, fish, and vegetables (the latter articles often trying to the olfactory nerves), but where it is not unusual to meet in such strange society with "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." One day we stumbled unexpectedly upon a store of books offered for sale in a window of that relic of ancient Manchester, once a tavern, and known as the Poet's Corner. Standing as it does near the entrance to the Grammar School, and appealing to the studious alumni of that place, with its classics and cribs, and books more rare, it suggested thoughts of Thomas De Quincey and of Mr. Hill Burton's charming volume, *The Book Hunter*, where, under the name of Thomas Papacrins, De Quincey appears in the vision of mighty Book Hunters.

The dealers in old books are as varied and curious as their shops. In most cases they are men who have had little or no education to begin with, but who, in the pursuit of their vocation, have acquired shreds and patches of knowledge of a most motley kind. Commencing the book trade with an interest only in the profits thereof, they have gradually learnt to like the books for their own sakes; and it is worthy of notice that it is often the pretentious dealer whose acquaintance with books extends no further than the title-pages and the catalogue value, while his humbler brethren will frequently be found to know a great deal of their contents. We have met with some, indeeed, with private libraries of their own which money will not tempt them to sell. Occasionally one meets with a specimen of the Sandy Mackaye type, whom Charles Kingley has sketched so graphically in *Alton Locke*, one who not only loves books and learning in a quaint eccentric way, but who takes an interest in those who buy and read them, and is ever ready to offer inducements to working men who are disposed to study. The saddest instance of book-selling we ever met with was the case of a man who was compelled, by necessity, to sell his own little library, and who made this the nucleus of his stock-in-trade. He was a man of some culture, and parted with his college pets with not a little reluctance and regret.

Mr. Hill Burton classes book-hunting into two divisions—the private prowler and the auction hawker. Familiar to all book-hunters in our city must be the figure of the most notable collector it contains, who, as president of a literary society or book club, and in the indulgence of his private taste for books, seem to combine both the peculiarities before named. The great portly form, reminding one forcibly of Dr. Johnson, may be seen in all places where books are to be bought. No stall or little shop is too humble for his inspection, and strange stories are current of prizes picked out from heaps of rubbish for a few pence, which afterwards have proved to be worth many pounds. In the auction-room he is the authority on all matters of literary merit and value. On one occasion we have seen him only stay in his bidding for a rare volume when the price has passed fifty pounds. Once we have seen him purchase and pocket a volume of his own writing.

To be successful in his search, the private prowler in the book-shops must gain the friendship and confidence of the dealers, and must not venture into the auction-room in competition with them. His only chance is to place in their hands commission for the books he wants. The rare volumes picked up at sales are not generally exposed in the shops, but are kept in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the dealer, for the private inspection of his regular customers. The dealers, for the most part, are leagued together for mutual benefit in the auction-room, and arrange the purchases after the sales. It is, therefore, of little use to bid against them, except the price to be paid for the desired books be of small account.

In his purchase of books the book-hunter has usually few conscientious scruples in taking advantage of his superior knowledge at the expense of

the seller. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, and when he goeth his way then he boasteth," is especially true of the book-hunter. The cheaper the volume the greater the triumph of his skill, but it is getting more difficult every day to pick up bargains. The dealers, even the humblest of them, have their catalogues of rare books regularly forwarded to them from London, and the market price has in most cases to be paid for them.

Book-hunting, when it does not assume the form of biblomania, is an interesting and exciting pursuit. The waifs and strays picked up in all sorts of places and under varied circumstances, have an interest to the possessor far transcending that to be derived from the spick and span new books ordered in the regular way from one's bookseller. One of the pleasantest incidents in Charles Lamb's life is that where a consultation with his sister on ways and means, they determined to spare the money required for the purpose, and which enabled him to bring home in triumph, the original copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, which he had lighted upon in his book hunting rambles. The true book hunter is not he who collects them as coins for their rarity only, but because they are, as Milton tells us, "the precious life blood of master spirits treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

WOMAN, AND THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.*

WE have before us a modest-looking little book, of 128 pages, written by a Manchester lady, printed at a Manchester press, and intended, we presume, for circulation amongst a Manchester public. A man—and, in this instance, we agree with Miss Becker that "man" includes woman, also—a man, it is said, must go from home to be properly appreciated. We would fain make Mrs. Sewell an exception to the rule. She is one of our "ain folk." She writes for the benefit of her own city and neighbourhood—at least, she gives them the first opportunity of benefiting by her labours. She invites local readers and challenges local criticism. We wish her plenty of the former, and it shall be our task to mete out the latter in as kindly and indulgent a spirit as possible.

We know nothing of Mrs. Sewell, but we feel sure, from her book, that she is a thoughtful, earnest-minded woman, who endeavours faithfully to discharge those duties to which it has pleased Providence to call both herself and most other women—the duties, namely, of a good wife, a good mother, and a good mistress of a household. She wishes to make other homes as happy as her own, other wives and mothers as judicious as herself. This, we fancy, was her first object in rushing into print. But, then, as one thing leads to another, she has added to her original intention her original title and her original book. From the consideration of "Woman," and good advice to maiden, wife, and mother, she has branched off into the great social problems of the day—into vexed questions which everybody ask, and nobody can satisfactorily answer. She has set herself to redress the evils which exist in society. She treats and disposes of "Woman's Rights," "The Social Evil," "The Education Question," and all the biggest puzzles which perplex our biggest heads. All this she does in the last seventy-three pages of her book, the title of which swells into "Woman, and the Times we Live in." Mrs. Sewell has such earnest enthusiasm in her mission, such a simple faith in herself and in her remedies for all things evil, that we heartily wish we could make believe that her book is a success.

Why do well-intentioned ladies publish books without getting these said books properly revised? Was every schoolmaster abroad when Mrs. Sewell wrote? Can she possibly expect to reform woman, or the times we live in, by a book full of faulty constructions and downright bad grammar? Or does she belong to that class of young writers—young in letters, not, necessarily, in years—who are so fond of their own productions that they cannot bear to see line corrected or word erased by the stern editorial pen, "cruel only to be kind"? At any rate, in wishing Mrs. Sewell a quick sale for her book, we do so more especially in the hope of shortly seeing a second edition, carefully and thoroughly corrected from beginning to end. Here are a couple of sentences picked, hap-hazard, from the same chapter (the italics being our own):—

"Surely this lot of woman, as marked out by God, cannot be considered a hard one; what cruelty they endure in their lives is caused by man alone, *which*, if those men had only been judiciously and morally trained by the women under whose care their minds were formed, would shrink from the thought of cruelty to that sex to *whom* they owe so much, and *which* is their earthly source of love."

The meaning of the first "which" is a puzzle worthy of the Sphinx herself; while, in the second case, the gentler sex are "who" and "which" in the same breath. But the next illustration is even finer still:—

"The modest maid who covers her charms by a neatly-fitting dress will gain a thousand times more real admirers than one who exposes to common view the rich beauties of her bosom, which *is* a sacred loveliness that should be most scrupulously hidden, and modestly cherished, and held of great price, as the reward of him alone who is successful in winning her heart,—*witcheries* guarded most jealously, and held in rich reserve for his eye alone."

"Beauties of her bosom which is . . . witcheries"! Really, really, Mrs. Sewell, this is too much! Just think what would happen to Master Tom or Miss Louisa Sewell, if such a blunder were to be discovered in their English composition at school!

But, apart from grammar, our authoress is most unhappy in her choice of language. She is writing on serious matters, in serious strain, and with a serious end in view; and yet most of her labour is spent in vain, for the simple reason that she cannot perceive the difference between pathos and bathos, between the sublime and the ridiculous. Thus she dedicates her book to her husband,

"Who is the father of my numerous children; who has added to the choir of heaven, as well as the inhabitants of earth."

Speaking of the "little girl," she remarks,

"The pride with which she apes 'Mama,' and takes papa or brother under her childish protection, reaches his slippers, makes him a cake, *or sews a bit of rag into an imaginary shirt*, all throw a halo round her that daily reminds us of rich, luscious Keates, and say—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

A child sewing a bit of rag into an imaginary shirt amidst a rich, luscious Keatesonian halo! Oh, Mrs. Sewell! And, by the way, what governs "throw" and "say"? We are driven, in fact, to the conclusion that Mrs. Sewell has no perception whatever of the ludicrous. Could there be a more striking proof of this than her description of "fast girls" as those who, besides committing other enormities, "speak of horses and mares"? On your shoulders, Mrs. Sewell, be the onus of a bad pun! Here is a mare's nest with a vengeance!

In the first fifty-five pages of her book, our authoress treats of "Woman" in all the successive phases of her existence, or (as Mrs. Sewell has it) of her loveliness. She describes the maid, the wife, the mother, and, as we have already stated, gives them each a great deal of good advice; advice for which we thank her most sincerely. Whether the ladies themselves will thank her is a different matter altogether. Mrs. Sewell soundly rates them. She declares that

"The maids of the present day consider men are made marriageable by the outward finery with which the silly girls bedeck themselves, ... that marriage consists in a splendid turn-out, a handsome breakfast, abundance of costly presents, silk dresses, and servants, and (that) their (own) duty consists in frittering away, not only their time as wives, but also money in visiting, . . . in talking about fashion, ... pouting at their new made husbands if every trifling wish is

* *Woman, and the Times we Live in.* By Mrs. S. A. Sewell. Manchester: Printed at the *Guardian* Steam Printing Offices.

not gratified, and instead of being a help-mate, is (for goodness' sake mind your grammar, Mrs. Sewell!) a clog to the man who is so unfortunate as to be chained to a being so utterly worthless."

Now contrast with this the following statement on page 68, the truth of which Mrs. Sewell takes quietly for granted, and which is evidently one of the fundamental articles of her social creed:—"There is no excuse for a man not marrying." Mrs. Sewell, when young ladies are not "so utterly worthless" (the words, remember, are yours, not ours), then, and not till then, will a bachelor be the "selfish," "cowardly," and inexcusable being you represent him. Mrs. Sewell has another article in her creed, which is rather startling if true. "Man's love usually cools as woman's beauty fades, and it becomes lost in the money-getting of mature life." It is only fair to say that this assertion is made with special reference to long engagements, which Mrs. Sewell very wisely discountenances with all the fervour of her honest but ungrammatical soul. Nevertheless, the same idea lies at the foundation of all her advice to the "wife." Thus, for instance, she says—"Young wives often fall into error by a too great familiarity with their new-made husbands; they are apt to think that when once secured there is no danger of losing them; it is quite a mistake." And so she advises the young wife to "make herself so necessary to his (her husband's) every comfort, that he may wonder how he existed without her." She is to brush his hat and coat, hand him his gloves, stick, or umbrella, place his slippers, draw his chair to the fire, never be away from home when he returns from business, never treat him with carelessness or indifference, never address him with slang expressions, always be courteous, and even let her endearments be respectful. What does Miss Becker say to this, or to the following quotations from the same chapter?

"A wife, on her marriage, should take to her heart this old fashioned motto, "Bear and forbear;" it is man's place to rule, and woman's to yield. He must be held up as the head of the house, and it is her duty to so bend unmurmuringly to his wishes, that the rest of the household will follow her example, and treat him with the due respect his sex demands."

Apropos of Miss Becker, we may remark here, that Mrs. Sewell is no advocate for Woman Suffrage. She sums up the question in a really clever, shrewd sentence:—"It is woman that should form and perfect the candidate, and man should hold the lesser privilege of being voters." Mrs. Sewell's proposed method of making men marry, is to us both original and amusing. She would make them feel that it is *cheaper* to be wedded than not. Every bachelor is to be liable to a tax when he attains the age of twenty-one, and this tax is to be increased year by year, and in proportion to his income—in fact, a bachelor income-tax. Then, on the other hand, the married man is to be released from some "prominent" tax "in consideration of the greater amount of taxes he pays in household consumption . . . . than the selfish, cowardly, and, as a rule, immoral bachelor does with the same income, and which gives him an excuse for not marrying in the greater expense marriage entails." And Mrs. Sewell quotes the example of ancient Sparta, where "the parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever; a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable." We should just think so! But how about the other folk, both married and single, who would have to pay extra rates for the convenience of those who have filled their quivers of their own free will?

Mrs. Sewell writes boldly and well upon the delicate subject of fallen women. She is moved to righteous indignation at the unequal punishment allotted to seducer and seduced, at the undeserved shame which is the heritage and lot of the illegitimate child, at the careless wantonness, or deliberate vice, with which man tempts the woman to her ruin, and then scoffingly allows her to suffer and to die. We leave this part of Mrs. Sewell's book to speak for itself, simply hoping that it may speak to many readers, and bring forth worthy fruit.

THE PANTOMIMES.

[BY OUR RHYMING CHRONICLER.]

LITTLE BOY BLUE AT THE QUEEN'S.

The very best on any stage, Pitney Weston doth engage his Pantomime to be; nor can we see, that, at this complaisant season, there is either rhyme or reason to gainsay his bold assertion; therefore we will give our version (in our usual modest way, as befits our roundelay), of the piece which, gay and sightly, is nightly, brightly—with the sprightly Angelina Claude ("more *power* to her elbow" every hour), to lend attraction to the scenes—represented at the Queen's.

First, upon the curtain's rising,
We discover—fact surprising—
Neither fairies, gnomes, nor witches,
But a dame's-school, where a section
Of the rising generation,
Pretty well all head and—breeches,
And of seeming humble station,
Come in trooping for inspection.
The dame, small blame, is one who sees
But little beauty
In her duty;
In fact, with Thompson disagrees,
And does so in a barbarous jargon,
For remedy, we fear, too far gone.

Boy Blue, who is—of course—a lady,
Enters here, "used up" and shady;
Love and Fashion having played a
Game or two
With poor Boy Blue,
As oft they do
In youth's unconscious, careless hey-day.

Angelina Claude, about you
We a thousand things might speak,
For the Pantomime without you
Might—to Prestwich in a week.
You, before the rest, have sought to
Give your "lines" the care they claim,
And your good example ought to
Stop the "gagging"—out of shame.
Good tempered are you, winsome, clever,
Arch, yet modest, for you never
Pass the line which chaste taste fixes.
And how he who of all sticks is,
By long odds, the most gigantic,
Can enact such stupid tricks, is
A perfect mystery,—
Whose history
Is not worth tracing, though 'twould frantic
Drive the veriest Knott-Mill showman—
Not to mention one poor woman.
Jack-in-the WRONG-box we must call him;
Why doesn't Weston overhaul him?

Of the scenes of varying merit,
To all sorts of tastes appealing,
We, along with smaller boys,
The wondrous Palace built of Toys
Most approve of, and prefer it
For its proper kind of feeling,
So full of Pantomimic action,
And of quaint, grotesque diversion.

With how the Lilliputian legion,
In some strange, outlandish region,
Through its evolutions goes,
We your patience will not bore,

Save to say it does get through
It's *duodecimo Review*
Without treading on its toes.
And that we see some lingering traces
Of old friends in the young, wee faces
Of this baby battle corps.

With Transformations—how we hate 'em !—
We will meddle never more ;
Past describing here we rate 'em,
As we've lately done before.

The piece is written neatly, smartly ;
Full of playfulness and point,
But the actors, more than partly,
Knock libretto out of joint.
Had they done but as they ought to—
Learnt the text, and pleased to not to
Gag so much, the piece had been a
Fitter piece for Angelina.
We 'till her last exit tarried,
And our heart away she carried,
Although—worse luck—we hear that she
Is, as we know ourself to be—
And we are most complely—married !

THE TOWN CLERK'S PORTRAIT.

THE members of the Manchester City Council have determined, we understand, to place in the Town Hall a portrait of Mr. Heron, the Town-Clerk, as a mark of respect and appreciation for that gentleman's long and valuable services, which have now extended over more than thirty years. We hope the committee may be fortunate in the choice of their artist. Nothing could be more absurd than the portraits of some of the Mayors which are supposed to adorn the walls of the Town Hall—witness the great staring likeness of Sir John Potter, Sir Elkanah Armitage, and Mr. W. B. Watkins. With these portraits the object seems to have been to get quantity, regardless of quality. Now Mr. Joseph Heron's appearance, from his whiskers down to his natty boots, is unexceptionable, but what we should like to see (and we mean to have an engraving) is a counterfeit resemblance of the acute, sharp, quick man-of-the-world look of the Town-Clerk, and not painted advertisements of hairdressers, tailors, and bootmakers. As the present Mayor has a taste for art, perhaps he will kindly use his influence in the selection of a good artist.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

INSPECTOR SHANDLEY transacted business on Monday last at the Colonial Office in Charter-street. A large number of returned Colonvicts were presented to the right honourable gentleman.

Mr. H. L. Trafford and Mr. Robinson Fowler held levees during New Year's Week at their respective courts, which were largely attended.

Mr. Thomas Muirhead had an interview on Tuesday with the Foreign Secretary, when the Turkey and Geese difficulty was taken into consideration. The Turkey (Rhubarb) Ambassador from the Market place was present at the interview. A conference of the Great (consuming) Powers will shortly be held.

Clown and Pantaloon have attended at the offices of the Board of Refreshments during the week, and transacted business with the right honourable James Lea.

The Emperor Napoleon held a levee at the Free Trade Hall last Saturday evening. The Grand Duchess, Mrs. Howard Paul, was present, and the diplomatic circle was fully represented.

VOICES IN THE STREETS.

[By Edwin Waugh.]

IV.—OUR STREETS AND STREAMS.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
What curious things I see.

I don't spend all my time in the little room which overlooks the market-place,—snug as it is. Weltering around there lies a great sea of many-featured life, the view of which is beyond the range of that cosy out-look. And, when the weather is fine,—as it was yesterday,—I sometimes take a walk through the streets, noting the qualities of people as I go. Indeed, I have reduced these city rambles of mine to a kind of system ; and the streets are pigeon-holed in my mind,—like so many labelled bottles,—with their specialities attached ; and now I take down one, then another, according to the requirements of the moment. And, really, I find that they have a certain medicinal value when used in this way. George Herbert says, "More servants wait on man than he'll take notice of." And it is even so with the streets of the city.

If one happens to be touched with a fleeting fit of foppery, or wishes to air a new suit of clothes in an aristocratic atmosphere, Saint Ann's Square is the very ground. Or, if one is troubled with some supercilious inflation of the mind, which turns up the nose at common things that strew the common way, there is the natural safety-valve through which he can let off that delusive gas into a genial element. The Square walks on gilded stilts, though it is, now and then, "taken down a peg" by contact with the rude realities of the neighbouring Exchange. The Square is a little dandified oasis, in the midst of a desert of common placed bustle,—where one may saunter about, catching bits of dainty demeanour from scented swells who fill the morning air with an aroma of cultivated ease. There, one may by chance meet with some perfumed pet of a successful struggler, who has devoted the gains of a hard life to the veneering of an apeish trailer upon the skirts of leisurely gentility. There, one may, now and then, rub shoulders with some stray son of the upper ten thousand, in a way that sends a cold thrill of polished delight all down the back,—a thrill which lingers about the spine for many a day,—making one feel as if he had suddenly dropped into the inheritance of a landed estate. And it is pleasant enough—for the time. But, of course, it is a kind of thing that doesn't last long. The cold waters of every-day life soon waken one up to the world of fact again from such rosy reveries as those. And then—good bye to the Square and its dreaming.

King-street, now,—though partly a fashionable lounge,—is a different kind of thing, upon the whole. The temper of its life changes more than once in the course of its length. The upper part of King-street is not unfavourable to contemplation. A man of thoughtful mind may walk the quiet footpath there, lapped in pensive speculation, with the city life buzzing all around him, and yet out of the way of its distractions. There he may wander, and dream,—like one snugly housed in some island shelter, listening to the stormy roar of the surrounding sea. And so on, with the rest of this northern Babel,—whose streets have been "the ribs of death" to—heaven only knows how many. * * * Deansgate is bewildering, and dirty, and dangerous,—and, sometimes, amusing. Tragedy and comedy are continually interweaving, there, in an unusually vivid manner ; and the colours of life are blended, there, more strongly than in any other of our thoroughfares. It is the Ratcliffe Highway of Manchester.

Salford is a dismal swamp, swarming with prematurely, doomed humanity ; and Manchester stands looking sadly down upon it, from the higher bank of the river,—like a mournful friend watching a funeral. And then the Irwell,—that "silent highway" of the city,—that greasy, over-wrought, unwashed factory-lad of

waters,—what can we say of it? "A thing of beauty," once it was, no doubt. But—oh, my countrymen!—look upon it now! Look on it now—and weep! Nay, it will make you weep,—perforce? If "the quality of Mersey is not strained," what can we say of that slimy, liquid snake of ours,—the Irwell? Oh, what can we say of that slab sink of impurity—that doleful-looking air-poisoner,—that stealthy ally of death and desolation,—whose very aspect makes the heart sink within, and lowers the tone of life all the way as it crawls through the shuddering city? What heart of mortal mould can steadily aspire to purity, with such a stream as that to gaze upon from day to day? For, there are subtle influences in all the "shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements" around us which unconsciously steep our souls in their own quality. The slutchy Irwell! No wonder that its boatmen win races, wherever they go, upon real water, after the practice they have had upon that treacly, cat-and-filth-thickened stream. Any man of light weight venturing to plunge into it would be thrown back again, like an indiarubber ball cast against a stone crag. Even Jack Falstaff would have found no alacrity in sinking there: and, after a small taste of its quality, he would have returned, contented, to his buck-basket, as being, the sweetest lodging of the two. And if Saint Peter's feeble faith had been tried upon the Irwell, he would, probably, not have sunk much lower than the knees. No! A few cartloads more of dirt emptied there, day by day, and it would become a race course, at once. Oh, for the coming of that glorious time when Manchester shall be a mercantile Florence of architectural beauty,—its air clear,—and its rivers pure and pleasant to look upon! So much for the Irwell.

And then, again, we have a rather remarkable canal,—one of the famous Brindley's great water-ways,—one, too, that is much pleasanter in its history than in its flavour. * Any poor soul now, who is weary of this fretful fever called "life," may easily poison himself in a sly way, if he will start from Knott Mill, and travel slowly along the Duke's canal, three or four miles, on a warm, wet day. If he lives after *that*, he is only walking about to save funeral expenses,—he is immortal, indeed; and may bid defiance to the foulest "congregation of pestilential vapours" that ever desolated this world of ours. * * * Market-street is excellent practising ground, for a man who desires to chasten an hasty and impulsive temper, and aspires to the cultivation of a spirit of considerate forbearance. It would try the patience of Job to tread that crowded foot-path,—let alone cross the street,—any day of the week; but especially on Tuesdays and Saturdays; such is the selfishness of pell-mell humanity, when it meets in conflicting streams of business. * * And then, if any man is blessed with the wisdom to perceive that his pride and purposes are soaring beyond the region of common sense, and wishes to check his wild flight by a salutary fit of despondency,—let him submit to the penance of a meditative ramble along the banks of the Medlock, in murky weather,—finishing up with Angel Meadow, and the foul jungles of swarming squalour down by the side of the Irk. A thousand to one that will do *his job*. But, if he survives, and finds the dose too strong, he may bring himself to again, by taking a ride down Oxford Road, into the green suburb of Didsbury; and if the serene country, the flowery fields, and the wild bird's song do not restore the tone of his mind, he had better take a cab, at once, and go quietly home again,—and die. The thing has been too much for him.

So far, with our streets and streams, at present. I will return to them again, hereafter. I meet with many curious things in these city rambles of mine; often sad enough—heaven knows; but sometimes amusing, as that which follows.

V.—THE SWALLOWED SIXPENCE.

Thou art gone from my gaze!—Modern Song.

"THAT'S a corker!" said Enoch o' Twilter's, as he stood in front of a pork-shop window, in Deansgate, with his eyes fixed upon a sucking-pig, with a red-cheeked apple in its mouth. "That's a corker, as heaw!" said he, laying his hand upon his waistcoat, and staring right at the pig,—which seemed as if it would have laughed but for the gag in its mouth. He stood stock still, looking at the pig,—and yet he did not see it. No, not he. Although the mechanism of his gaze was fixed upon that well-scraped porkling, with the red-cheeked emblem of the fall of man stuck in its jaws, his thoughts were, evidently, in some other quarter. His attitude, and the expression of his countenance, told the tale. And there was a vague, "yonderly" look about his eyes, which showed that his mind had been suddenly concentrated upon something which had just taken place in his inside. * * * * The butcher stood in the door-way, beating time with his thwittle, and humming—

Frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, lads,
  Frisk it, while you're able;
Cheepin' layrocks round the board,
  An' plenty upo' th' table;
Crack your jokes, an' let 'em leet,
  Sly deception scornin';
Prank it out wi' glee to-neet,
  An' strike to wark i'th mornin'!

Till, catching sight of Enoch, as he stood there, gazing at the pig in the window, he stepped forth from the threshold, and said—

"Come, Enoch, let's sell tho that pig."

Enoch woke up slowly from his dream; and, turning round, he replied, emphatically—

"The dule tak th' pig!"

The butcher looked at the pig, to see what ailed it. But that innocent suckling, which had parted with life so early to help to keep life in others, seemed to smile a kind of blind smile upon the man who had dealt its death-blow, as if to assure him that it was content to have been sacrificed to the interests of humanity. The pig was all right. So, the butcher turned to Enoch again, and said—

"What's up?"

"Up," replied Enoch; "nay,—it's down!"

"What's down, then?"

"I've just swallowed sixpence," replied Enoch.

The butcher's eyes glided quietly to the lowmost button of Enoch's waistcoat, as if he thought that the sixpence might have lodged somewhere about there; and then he glanced at the pig, to make sure that Enoch had not swallowed *that*, too. But the pig was there still; so his eyes wandered back to Enoch again with an inquiring gaze.

"Swallowed sixpence!" said he. "Expensive diet, owd lad!"

"Has some doctor recommended it?"

"Has he hectum, as like!" replied Enoch. "Th' doctor would ha' swallowed th' sixpence his-sel,' an' gan me some Spenish-juice an' wayter. An' it would ha' done me moor good, too."

"It would, owd lad!" said the butcher. "But there is complaints that nought but money can cure."

"Ay, there is," said Enoch; "an' I'm sorely trouble't wi' 'em, sometimes. But, then, money's a sort o' physic that shouldn't be takken in'ardly."

"Well, nawe," replied the butcher; "it makes things awk'ard, for sure. But I thought bi' th' look o' thi face that summat ail't tho."

"Summat will ail me, I doubt, afore I get rid o' this sixpence," said Enoch, laying his hand upon his waistcoat again.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the butcher, shaking his head.

"I'm sure on it," said Enoch. "I'm beginnin' o' feelin' short o' breath, neaw."

"Well," answered the butcher, "if thae'rt short o' breath, thae'rt noan short o' brass, owd lad,—as lung as that sixpence stops i' thi inside."

"Well, nawe," replied Enoch; "one may as weel be short o' breath as short o' brass, for aught I know. But, then, what's o' th' money i'th world to a mon that connot get his breath? If I were to be ram-jam ful o' sixpences, ten to one, I shouldn't feel comfortable."

"I don't thae would," said the butcher. "I shouldn't, mysel'. * * * * But, what didst swallow it for? Arto layin' by for th' rent, or summat?"

"Am I hectum, as like?" replied Enoch.

"I thought not," said the butcher.

Just then the butcher saw an acquaintance passing by; and, laying his hand upon Enoch's shoulder, he cried out—

"Heigh, Joe; gi' me change for this chap, here! He's sixpence in his inside!"

"Cut him oppen! Cut him oppen!" replied Joe. And on he went, laughing.

"Now, then," said Enoch to the butcher, "thae doesn't need to goo an' tell o' th' world, if I have swallowed sixpence! Thae'll have 'em borin' holes into me, if they catchen me asleep!"

"Well, nawe," replied the butcher; "let's keep it to ersels (ourselves)."

"I doubt I shall have to do that," said Enoch, shaking his head.

"It'll happen breed," said the butcher.

"Ay," replied Enoch; "it'll breed a disturbance, I doubt."

"How didto get it down?" said the butcher.

"It went down of itsel'," replied Enoch. "I couldn't help it."

"How so?"

"Well, thae sees," replied Enoch, "I wur comin' straight to this shop, for a pound o' black puddin's, wi' th' sixpence i' my mouth; an' as soon as I see'd that pig i'th window, theer, it set me a-gate o' laughin'—an' o' at once—down went my sixpence!"

"Well done, Enoch!" cried the butcher. "I've towd the mony a time to save a bit o' brass; an' thae's done it, at last! That's th' first time I ever knew thee lay aught by for a rainy day!"

"That bit's safe enough, as long as it stops where it is, as how," replied Enoch.

"It is, owd lad," said the butcher. "Thae'rt a mon o' property, now,—go where tho will."

"Well, I've a bit o' summat to fo' back on—haven't I?" replied Enoch.

"Thae has, owd lad," continued the butcher. "Thae'rt like a walkin purse. If I were thee, I'd swallow a thripenny bit, an' three owd penny pieces, now; an' then thae'll have a shillin's worth o' change in the. Besides, thae'd jingle as thae walked then,—like a bell-wether."

"Well, it isn't so mony wortchin' folk that gets their insides line't wi' silver, is it?" replied Enoch.

"Nawe, it isn't owd lad," said the butcher. "Thae'rt like rollin'-stock, on a railroad, now."

"Ay," replied Enoch, "that's o' very weel, as far as it gwos; but how mun I manage for th' puddins? * * * Yo'n be like to trust me a pound, now. Yo known, that sixpence is yo'rs,—if ever it comes to th' leet again."

"Aye, aye," said the butcher; "but it'll happen stop where it is."

"Well, yo known where to find it," replied Enoch.

"Ay," answered the butcher; "I could say so if it were at th' bottom of a coal pit.

"Well," continued Enoch, every time that I pass this dur yo'n know that its yo'r sixpence that's gooin by,—so it's as safe as th' bank."

"Ay," said the butcher; but it'll nobbut pay poor interest, as long as it stops where it is. * * * But then—there's julap!"

"So there is!" cried Enoch.

"Aye, aye," said the butcher; "but then it would happen tak six penn'oth! * * * But here; come thi ways in! Thae shall ha' some puddin's,—let it leet as it will! There's a bit o' summat good in tho, at last. Come thi ways in!"

THE LOCAL BOARD.

PART II.

IN our last impression we but skirted the precincts of this pleasing topic. It was necessary to map out the situation and to give a general notion of the position of our suburb—Old Thomas—in Church and State. We did this, if not with great force, yet with sufficient accuracy to enable certain of the inhabitants to point out the Gastarry and the Pigstuffy to their Christmas visitors, several of whom took a boat and rowed as far as the Polonia Gardens and back, where they were in a naval and medical sense brought to with nips of brandy. As another effect of our previous paper, we may mention that an earnest discussion thereupon has since taken place at the "Wrangling Wagoner"—not altogether a bloodless discussion, either—the whole concluding with the successful pantomime of "The Flying Spittoons, or the Sea of Sawdust." We have been told by several humourists at Old Thomas that you cannot meddle with a local board without the production of some sawdust,—though it should not be thrown in the eyes of our readers, which we will endeavour to avoid.

After the shower of voting papers and the installation of the members of the board, they went to work to keep up the time-honoured political maxim that taxation and representation should go together, by laying a rate. Like industrious poultry they laid it at once, and the money was cheerfully paid, the inhabitants of Old Thomas awaiting the millenial result. The result so far is, that the Local Board took an empty house; becoming, apparently, so exhausted with the effort that they have been in a state of collapse ever since. Whether the judicious application of such stimulants as burnt feathers applied to their nose, or roasted Sphinx presented by the proprietors of this paper, or peppermint lozenges applied in a pulpy state outwardly to the pit of their stomachs, will suffice to put them on their legs again, we cannot tell. We will cheerfully do our share, and if the empty house is insufficiently ventilated, we will break the windows with the greatest pleasure. Though the district of Old Thomas is not large itself, it is the wealthiest and most densely populated of the region to govern which in some way or other this Board was created. The major portion of the Boards' dominion is more agrarian than urban, and the prominence of land in the English mind has been shown in the desire of the Board to make the land, that is the county interest, a leading feature in their programme. The country gentlemen of Sausage, which is the next collection of houses to Old Thomas, have gone into the taxation question with their accustomed zest, and having netted so fat a contributor as Old Thomas, they are trying to cut it up, as they do pigs, into marketable and profitable sections. With great good feeling, therefore, they have fixed their offices in the midst of Old Thomas, and not in the flourishing town of Sausage, just as the great Napoleon, during his campaigns, always selected some rich city for his head quarters, where he gathered together the burghers, the vintners, the jewellers, and the

mercers, and preyed upon the same. Please observe that in this respect, at all events, the Local Board has been wise in its generation, and also in its conception.

Having paid our rates we naturally looked for results, and we have seen that the empty house was one of the first. We had abundant reason for wishing for some local guidance and comfort from this or some other Board. In the matter of ashpits, for instance, we were in a condition bordering upon Little Ireland; but our first application to the Board in this matter was pitilessly refused, the chairman taking it so much to heart that he ordered a tumbler of lavender water and drank it right off, without so much as winking. The job was then undertaken by two private contractors with an asthmatic horse and cart, but on seeing how the land lay, they sold the horse and cart and subsided into wheelbarrows, wheeling the refuse exactly to the rear of the garden of our intimate acquaintance Dr. Whose, who cursed and swore so dreadfully, not at the Local Board, but at ourselves, that we became very embarrassed, and suffered much from a rush of blood to the head. The Doctor has a logical mind, and if he would only have communicated his observations in another form—put them down in writing, for instance—we could have managed to stand them. We enquired, in a polite note delicately scented with patchonli to suit the subject matter in dispute, whether 3s. 6d. down would accurately meet the case. He wrote in reply that the premises did not warrant such a conclusion, and there was something, too, about a postulate, but as we had not the slightest idea what a postulate meant, or whether it was not something to drink, we could not pursue the correspondence. Things remained for some time in this unsatisfactory state, when our better half, a most thoughtful and ingenious woman, suggested that a box of the best sardines would probably pacify the irate Doctor. He ate the sardines without any comment, but the oil in which they reclined had not the ordinary effect upon his system. In this instance we are inclined to believe that the Italian who furnished the little fish must have exceptionally put them up in aqua fortis, or else that the Doctor had not merely swallowed the fish, but the tin box as well. There has been a metallic ring in his voice ever since, and if there had been one in his nose, too, our wife would have been made truly happy. But the Local Board cared for none of these things.

When we took the messuage or tenement in which we at present reside, in Old Thomas, the agent from whom we took it made a great parade of its locomotive conveniences. An omnibus was said to pass the door every quarter of an hour, and civil and obliging cabmen were within hail, about fifty yards distance from our house. As regards the omnibuses, their superiority over those of London were incessantly dinned into our ears. Perhaps this is so, as regards the vehicles themselves, which are commodious, airy, extremely airy, and sometimes—though not always—impervious to wet. But, as respects the guards, to compare them with those of the metropolis, is a mythological romance. We make no charge against the drivers, except that, when they have once started, they are averse from stopping until their goal at the other end is reached. They say that to pull up the horses so frequently is cruelty to animals; but to watch a lady paddling down the muddy streets of Micawber, vainly trying to make the omnibus stop, is a humane pastime. But if the guards and drivers object to your getting in except on the occasions when they slouch at the termini, or at the street corners, they balance the transaction by objecting to your getting out unless you have had lessons in rope dancing and circus vaulting, and, taking a header, can get out yourself whilst the omnibus is in full career. Infirm men and timid women generally apologise for troubling the official in charge, who, after about the interval of fifty yards beyond their destination, surlily stops, whilst rumbling anathemas are heard on the box seat. But in the case of young and attractive females, the guards meet the difficulty in this obliging fashion:—Without stopping the omnibus, they grasp the supple waist of the young ladies, and waltz with them off the step into the middle of the road, giving them a tighter squeeze at parting, and then chasing the omnibus to catch it again. In many instances this appears distasteful to the fair, but in some the love light gleams on the rocks and the streams, on the guard and his roundelay. The London guard has the eye of a hawk for a fare, and even thes aturnine driver assists him. In Micawber the guard appears to imagine that his customers are to be found in the starry heavens, or floating, like birds, in the air—for he always directs his gaze upwards after getting through the neighbourhood of servant gallism. To the servant girls in Old Thomas he nods and winks abundantly, to show that "Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round." But love does not pay his master for paying him. The hail of a passenger should be his first consideration, but, really, it would appear to be his last. When a great street bisects the main thoroughfare, and hawk-eye should be at full stretch, he contemplates, as we have said, the sailing clouds, or anticipates the uplifted finger of the man in the moon, who may be wanting to go to Old Thomas Bar. Meanwhile the gasping public is pursuing the omnibus, whilst Kepler or Copernicus stands right in the doorway, astronomically barring their entrance, just as, by and bye, he will controvert their exit. On this account we have christened the guards on our route after the great astronomers of the world. Thus we have not only Kepler and Copernicus, but Ptolemy, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Sir Isaac. Of these, Tycho Brahe and Kepler are the best waltzers; but, with care and attention, we think Ptolemy, in the long run, will be worth putting your money on; though, for smoothness and crispness of touch, and real artistic feeling at the finish, commend us to Kepler—as a servant girl said to us one day, "*Kepler, sir, is most poppler;*" to which we responded, with the simple, but evasive answer, "*Indeed, mum!*"

Perhaps the Local Board cannot do much to remedy the defects to which we have alluded. But, now, touching the cab question, which, so far, is virtually a grinding monoply, the cabbies working their own sweet will upon the dwellers at Old Thomas. Unless you employ them regularly, they will not answer your summons, but send sneering replies that "them as works the stand regular must first be sarved." To work them "regular," is more than we can manage, nor do we feel ourselves called upon to do anything of the kind. Although they are standing there, and thus deluding people with the notion that a cab is within hail—although they block up the highway, which, without permission, they have no right to do—they evade their duties to suit their own temper; and when we apply to the Local Board, it says that its bye-laws are not ready. The effect of this, like all other monopolies, is the worst possible upon the cabs—which are not cleanly, which are not amenable to any fixed tariff, and which are wretchedly horsed—the drivers having a constant flavour of beer and warm rats, and being able to draw out distances, like a telescope, to accommodate their own views.

This hemisphere was hustled about to bring into existence this Local Board; and now we write to know what it has done, what it is going to do, until the end of all things? It cannot cleanse the Gastarry and the Pigstuffy; it cannot give us a church in which to worship, or a clergyman to minister to us, in a field with the gate off the hinges; it cannot ensure us against an accumulation of filth laid at our very doors; it cannot control our omnibuses; it is powerless, apparently, to afford us the common accommodation of decent cabs. All it can do is to fulminate empty professions from empty houses, and to discharge, in a highly efficient and regular manner, the equivocal advantage of laying and levying taxes upon our time and patience, and, what is worst, upon our pockets, too.

CIGARETTES.

[FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.]

IT has lately become the fashion in this country to smoke the tobacco of Turkey rather than that of Virginia and the Havanas. The tobacco-plants of the East and West, though belonging to the same species, are really what Darwin calls "varieties;" and they differ in many of their characters, as, for instance, in the flavour of their leaves, just as the vines of Xeres differ in their produce from those of Oporto.

The chief peculiarities of Turkish tobacco are its mildness and delicate flavour. In order thoroughly to taste and enjoy this tobacco, the smoke should be inhaled into the lungs, and expelled through the nostrils. Owing to its extreme delicacy, it cannot be smoked with satisfaction in the ordinary pipe; and hence it is usually rolled in rice-paper, and used in the form of cigarette. Opinions differ on this point, but by far the largest number of smokers of Turkish tobacco prefer the cigarette.

An objection commonly made to the cigarette is, that the paper enclosing the tobacco imparts a flavour which is unpleasant to a sensitive palate. This is, or rather was, the case; but such precautions are now taken in manufacturing rice-paper, that it may be said to be almost tasteless. It should be thin and tough. The *Papier Abadie*, manufactured in Paris, is most esteemed; and lately, a paper called *Papier Persan*, said to be made of rice straw, has been introduced, which is said to be quite tasteless. This paper is made without the employment of acid, is very tough, does not stick to the lips, and leaves no ash.

Many smokers of Turkish tobacco buy the tobacco in bulk, and roll their own cigarettes. This, however, requires some manual dexterity, and, further, does not bring out the full flavour of the tobacco. Turkish tobacco mellows by keeping, after it is cut; at the same time, it loses its natural moisture; and if kept till dry, it crumbles into dust on attempting to roll it. It does not answer to damp the tobacco, partly on account of impairing its taste, and partly because artificially damped Turkish tobacco turns mouldy. This is a peculiarity of Turkish and of Latakia, an Egyptian tobacco.

The finest flavour is obtained by cutting the leaves as imported, without moistening them, rolling immediately after cutting, and then putting the cigarettes on one side for about two months. This is the plan pursued by Theodoridi and Co., of Leicester Square, for instance, the largest cutters and rollers (as we understand) of Turkish tobacco in London.

Those who prefer rolling their own cigarettes should purchase the fresh-cut tobacco in small quantities, say a quarter of a pound at a time. It keeps best in a tin; and if it gets too dry to to roll, a piece of carrot put in a tin will render it moist, with scarcely perceptible injury to the taste.

Turkish tobacco is imported in bales. There are four principal qualities, called by importers 1, 2, 3, and 4. Experience alone can enable the merchant to ascertain by inspection to which quality a bale belongs. The common tobacco feels harsh and dry; the best feels what is called "oily," and does not tear; the intermediate qualities are of course not so dry on the one hand, and not so oily on the other as the worst and best.

Each quality, again, is sorted for strength. This generally varies with the colour of the leaf, the lightest being the mildest, and *vice versa*. It is usually sorted into three strengths —light, medium, and dark. Every leaf of the bale has to be picked out, the brittle leaves rejected, and the remainder sorted according to their colour. The smallest or top leaves, about the size of a currant leaf, are the finest of all, just like the inside leaves of a lettuce; but they are so few in number that it does not pay to separate them.

After the leaves are selected, they are put into a cutting-machine, like a small chaff-cutter, holding about six or seven pounds, and pressed down with the foot. The cutting is done by hand-labour, with machines imported from Turkey, any but the Turkish machine being apt to tear even the oily leaf, instead of sharply cutting it. Other machines commonly used for cutting can only be used with leaves that have been wetted or "liquored;" but liquoring the tobacco, as before observed, is objectionable.

The workman by the pressure of his hand causes the mass of leaves to project beyond the edge of the cutter, and then bringing down the knife, slices off the projecting part, just as is done in chaff-cutting. To regulate the pressure of the hand, so as as to cut a large quantity all of the same fineness, requires great practice. And it is necessary that the fineness should be uniform, as, strange to say, the same tobacco smokes quite differently according to the thickness or fineness of the fibre. Cutting the tobacco thick makes it smoke strong; cutting it fine makes it smoke mild. It is sometimes ordered to be cut as thick as hay; but the generality of smokers prefer it a medium thickness. If cut very fine, it smokes hot when dry. What is wanted is flavour without heat in the mouth, and this is found by experience to be best obtained by medium cutting.

The leaves are all cut straight across the grain. When about a pound has been cut, it is taken up, turned over, and pressed. In the bottom layer, which when turned becomes the top, the fibre all lies straight, and is used to "face" the boxes or tins, that they may present a pleasing appearance to the eye when exhibited for sale. The facing looks nice; but when dry, it goes to powder, and does not smoke so well as the under layer, unless shaken up and rolled about in the hand, so as to curl the fibre somewhat. The remainder is shaken to separate the fibre from the dust. The dust is sold to make inferior cigarettes.

One workman can cut about forty or fifty pounds of tobacco a day. The best cutter in this country, an Armenian, can cut about sixty pounds a day.

When sold in the form of cigarettes, the fibre, after shaking out, is sent to the rollers. There are two kinds of workers at this branch—table and hand rollers. The hand-rolled cigarettes are best in appearance; the table-rolled can can be most quickly made. A good hand-roller will make about fifteen hundred cigarettes a day; the most rapid about two thousand; but this is quite an exceptional rate. The table-workers can roll about two thousand a day. It is singular that the tighter the tobacco is rolled the milder it smokes. A medium tightness is generally preferred, as best developing the flavour, and drawing readily.

The rolling is managed thus. The worker has a piece of cartridge-paper, on which he places the rice-paper. He has on a table before him a heap of cut tobacco, and takes up enough to make a cigarette of the size he is about to roll; he then, by a peculiar twist of the fingers, rolls the two papers round the tobacco, and, having done this, pulls out the cartridge-paper, leaving the tobacco enveloped only by the rice-paper. He then takes a strip of wood, and charges it slightly with paste made of the finest rice-starch, with which he touches the edge of the paper, so as to cement it, and prevent the cigarette from unrolling. Table-work is done in the same way, but the cartridge-paper is fixed to the table, instead of being held in the hand.

If the cigarette is to be without a mouth-piece, some of the tobacco is allowed to project beyond each end of the paper. The cigarette is handed to a girl, who cuts off the projecting part, and the cigarette is then ready for boxing. If it is to have a mouth-piece, the tobacco is not made to fill the whole length of the rice-paper; it projects only at one end, about an inch at the other being left empty. A girl then takes a piece of card, and rolling it tightly round a mould, like a penholder, pushes it into the empty end. The card, on being released, springs out, and holds itself tight against the rice-paper, and so forms the mouth-piece.

The dust that remains when the heap of fibre is all used, is taken away, and used by inferior houses to make dust-cigarettes, which are sold at a lower rate. They can easily be distinguished from the best by the fact that the ends of the paper are folded over, so as to prevent the dust from falling out. Cigarettes which have the ends open cannot be made of dust; and therefore their being open is a guarantee of their having been rolled of long tobacco, instead of having been filled in with dust.

GEORGE WOOD,
15, ST. MARY'S GATE, MANCHESTER.
SOLE AGENT FOR
THEODORIDI & CO.,
LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

THE TWINS.

[FROM THE CAROLS OF COCKAYNE.]

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fix'd,
As we were being wash'd by nurse,
We got completely mix'd.
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree
(Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christen'd *me*,
And I got christen'd *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogg'd
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogg'd—
For John turn'd out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
To every one I knew,—
What *would* you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were *you?*

Our close resemblance turn'd the tide
Of my domestic life;
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died—the neighbours came
And buried brother John!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM THE LEVANT. By R. Arthur Arnold. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. No. 25. New Series. London: Chapman and Hall. January, 1869.

RUN TO EARTH. By Miss M. E. Braddon. London: John Maxwell and Co. 1868.

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Having paid our rates we naturally looked for results, and we have seen that the empty house was one of the first. We had abundant reason for wishing for some local guidance and comfort from this or some other Board. In the matter of ashpits, for instance, we were in a condition bordering upon Little Ireland; but our first application to the Board in this matter was pitilessly refused, the chairman taking it so much to heart that he ordered a tumbler of lavender water and drank it right off, without so much as winking. The job was then undertaken by two private contractors with an asthmatic horse and cart, but on seeing how the land lay, they sold the horse and cart and subsided into wheelbarrows, wheeling the refuse exactly to the rear of the garden of our intimate acquaintance Dr. Whose, who cursed and swore so dreadfully, not at the Local Board, but at ourselves, that we became very embarrassed, and suffered much from a rush of blood to the head. The Doctor has a logical mind, and if he would only have communicated his observations in another form—put them down in writing, for instance—we could have managed to stand them. We enquired, in a polite note delicately scented with patchouli to suit the subject matter in dispute, whether 3s. 6d. down would accurately meet the case. He wrote in reply that the premises did not warrant such a conclusion, and there was something, too, about a postulate, but as we had not the slightest idea what a postulate meant, or whether it was not something to drink, we could not pursue the correspondence. Things remained for some time in this unsatisfactory state, when our better half, a most thoughtful and ingenious woman, suggested that a box of the best sardines would probably pacify the irate Doctor. He ate the sardines without any comment, but the oil in which they reclined had not the ordinary effect upon his system. In this instance we are inclined to believe that the Italian who furnished the little fish must have exceptionally put them up in aqua fortis, or else that the Doctor had not merely swallowed the fish, but the tin box as well. There has been a metallic ring in his voice ever since, and if there had been one in his nose, too, our wife would have been made truly happy. But the Local Board cared for none of these things.

When we took the messuage or tenement in which we at present reside, in Old Thomas, the agent from whom we took it made a great parade of its locomotive conveniences. An omnibus was said to pass the door every quarter of an hour, and civil and obliging cabmen were within hail, about fifty yards distance from our house. As regards the omnibuses, their superiority over those of London were incessantly dinned into our ears. Perhaps this is so, as regards the vehicles themselves, which are commodious, airy, extremely airy, and sometimes—though not always—impervious to wet. But, as respects the guards, to compare them with those of the metropolis, is a mythological romance. We make no charge against the drivers, except that, when they have once started, they are averse from stopping until their goal at the other end is reached. They say that to pull up the horses so frequently is cruelty to animals; but to watch a lady paddling down the muddy streets of Micawber, vainly trying to make the omnibus stop, is a humane pastime. But if the guards and drivers object to your getting in except on the occasions when they slouch at the termini, or at the street corners, they balance the transaction by objecting to your getting out unless you have had lessons in rope dancing and circus vaulting, and, taking a header, can get out yourself whilst the omnibus is in full career. Infirm men and timid women generally apologise for troubling the official in charge, who, after about the interval of fifty yards beyond their destination, surlily stops, whilst rumbling anathemas are heard on the box seat. But in the case of young and attractive females, the guards meet the difficulty in this obliging fashion:—Without stopping the omnibus, they grasp the supple waist of the young ladies, and waltz with them off the step into the middle of the road, giving them a tighter squeeze at parting, and then chasing the omnibus to catch it again. In many instances this appears distasteful to the fair, but in some the love light gleams on the rocks and the streams, on the guard and his roundelay. The London guard has the eye of a hawk for a fare, and even thes aturnine driver assists him. In Micawber the guard appears to imagine that his customers are to be found in the starry heavens, or floating, like birds, in the air—for he always directs his gaze upwards after getting through the neighbourhood of servant gallism. To the servant girls in Old Thomas he nods and winks abundantly, to show that "Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round." But love does not pay his master for paying him. The hail of a passenger should be his first consideration, but, really, it would appear to be his last. When a great street bisects the main thoroughfare, and hawk-eye should be at full stretch, he contemplates, as we have said, the sailing clouds, or anticipates the uplifted finger of the man in the moon, who may be wanting to go to Old Thomas Bar. Meanwhile the gasping public is pursuing the omnibus, whilst Kepler or Copernicus stands right in the doorway, astronomically barring their entrance, just as, by and bye, he will controvert their exit. On this account we have christened the guards on our route after the great astronomers of the world. Thus we have not only Kepler and Copernicus, but Ptolemy, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Sir Isaac. Of these, Tycho Brahe and Kepler are the best waltzers; but, with care and attention, we think Ptolemy, in the long run, will be worth putting your money on; though, for smoothness and crispness of touch, and real artistic feeling at the finish, commend us to Kepler—as a servant girl said to us one day, "*Kepler, sir, is most poppler;*" to which we responded, with the simple, but evasive answer, "*Indeed, mum!*"

Perhaps the Local Board cannot do much to remedy the defects to which we have alluded. But, now, touching the cab question, which, so far, is virtually a grinding monoply, the cabbies working their own sweet will upon the dwellers at Old Thomas. Unless you employ them regularly, they will not answer your summons, but send sneering replies that "them as works the stand regular must first be sarved." To work them "regular," is more than we can manage, nor do we feel ourselves called upon to do anything of the kind. Although they are standing there, and thus deluding people with the notion that a cab is within hail—although they block up the highway, which, without permission, they have no right to do—they evade their duties to suit their own temper; and when we apply to the Local Board, it says that its bye-laws are not ready. The effect of this, like all other monopolies, is the worst possible upon the cabs—which are not cleanly, which are not amenable to any fixed tariff, and which are wretchedly horsed—the drivers having a constant flavour of beer and warm rats, and being able to draw out distances, like a telescope, to accommodate their own views.

This hemisphere was hustled about to bring into existence this Local Board; and now we write to know what it has done, what it is going to do, until the end of all things? It cannot cleanse the Gastarry and the Pigstuffy; it cannot give us a church in which to worship, or a clergyman to minister to us, in a field with the gate off the hinges; it cannot ensure us against an accumulation of filth laid at our very doors; it cannot control our omnibuses; it is powerless, apparently, to afford us the common accommodation of decent cabs. All it can do is to fulminate empty professions from empty houses, and to discharge, in a highly efficient and regular manner, the equivocal advantage of laying and levying taxes upon our time and patience, and, what is worst, upon our pockets, too.

CIGARETTES.

[FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.]

IT has lately become the fashion in this country to smoke the tobacco of Turkey rather than that of Virginia and the Havanas. The tobacco-plants of the East and West, though belonging to the same species, are really what Darwin calls "varieties;" and they differ in many of their characters, as, for instance, in the flavour of their leaves, just as the vines of Xeres differ in their produce from those of Oporto.

The chief peculiarities of Turkish tobacco are its mildness and delicate flavour. In order thoroughly to taste and enjoy this tobacco, the smoke should be inhaled into the lungs, and expelled through the nostrils. Owing to its extreme delicacy, it cannot be smoked with satisfaction in the ordinary pipe; and hence it is usually rolled in rice-paper, and used in the form of cigarette. Opinions differ on this point, but by far the largest number of smokers of Turkish tobacco prefer the cigarette.

An objection commonly made to the cigarette is, that the paper enclosing the tobacco imparts a flavour which is unpleasant to a sensitive palate. This is, or rather was, the case; but such precautions are now taken in manufacturing rice-paper, that it may be said to be almost tasteless. It should be thin and tough. The *Papier Abadie*, manufactured in Paris, is most esteemed; and lately, a paper called *Papier Persan*, said to be made of rice straw, has been introduced, which is said to be quite tasteless. This paper is made without the employment of acid, is very tough, does not stick to the lips, and leaves no ash.

Many smokers of Turkish tobacco buy the tobacco in bulk, and roll their own cigarettes. This, however, requires some manual dexterity, and, further, does not bring out the full flavour of the tobacco. Turkish tobacco mellows by keeping, after it is cut; at the same time, it loses its natural moisture; and if kept till dry, it crumbles into dust on attempting to roll it. It does not answer to damp the tobacco, partly on account of impairing its taste, and partly because artificially damped Turkish tobacco turns mouldy. This is a peculiarity of Turkish and of Latakia, an Egyptian tobacco.

The finest flavour is obtained by cutting the leaves as imported, without moistening them, rolling immediately after cutting, and then putting the cigarettes on one side for about two months. This is the plan pursued by Theodoridi and Co., of Leicester Square, for instance, the largest cutters and rollers (as we understand) of Turkish tobacco in London.

Those who prefer rolling their own cigarettes should purchase the fresh-cut tobacco in small quantities, say a quarter of a pound at a time. It keeps best in a tin; and if it gets too dry to to roll, a piece of carrot put in a tin will render it moist, with scarcely perceptible injury to the taste.

Turkish tobacco is imported in bales. There are four principal qualities, called by importers 1, 2, 3, and 4. Experience alone can enable the merchant to ascertain by inspection to which quality a bale belongs. The common tobacco feels harsh and dry; the best feels what is called "oily," and does not tear; the intermediate qualities are of course not so dry on the one hand, and not so oily on the other as the worst and best.

Each quality, again, is sorted for strength. This generally varies with the colour of the leaf, the lightest being the mildest, and *vice versa*. It is usually sorted into three strengths —light, medium, and dark. Every leaf of the bale has to be picked out, the brittle leaves rejected, and the remainder sorted according to their colour. The smallest or top leaves, about the size of a currant leaf, are the finest of all, just like the inside leaves of a lettuce; but they are so few in number that it does not pay to separate them.

After the leaves are selected, they are put into a cutting-machine, like a small chaff-cutter, holding about six or seven pounds, and pressed down with the foot. The cutting is done by hand-labour, with machines imported from Turkey, any but the Turkish machine being apt to tear even the oily leaf, instead of sharply cutting it. Other machines commonly used for cutting can only be used with leaves that have been wetted or "liquored;" but liquoring the tobacco, as before observed, is objectionable.

The workman by the pressure of his hand causes the mass of leaves to project beyond the edge of the cutter, and then bringing down the knife, slices off the projecting part, just as is done in chaff-cutting. To regulate the pressure of the hand, so as as to cut a large quantity all of the same fineness, requires great practice. And it is necessary that the fineness should be uniform, as, strange to say, the same tobacco smokes quite differently according to the thickness or fineness of the fibre. Cutting the tobacco thick makes it smoke strong; cutting it fine makes it smoke mild. It is sometimes ordered to be cut as thick as hay; but the generality of smokers prefer it a medium thickness. If cut very fine, it smokes hot when dry. What is wanted is flavour without heat in the mouth, and this is found by experience to be best obtained by medium cutting.

The leaves are all cut straight across the grain. When about a pound has been cut, it is taken up, turned over, and pressed. In the bottom layer, which when turned becomes the top, the fibre all lies straight, and is used to "face" the boxes or tins, that they may present a pleasing appearance to the eye when exhibited for sale. The facing looks nice; but when dry, it goes to powder, and does not smoke so well as the under layer, unless shaken up and rolled about in the hand, so as to curl the fibre somewhat. The remainder is shaken to separate the fibre from the dust. The dust is sold to make inferior cigarettes.

One workman can cut about forty or fifty pounds of tobacco a day. The best cutter in this country, an Armenian, can cut about sixty pounds a day.

When sold in the form of cigarettes, the fibre, after shaking out, is sent to the rollers. There are two kinds of workers at this branch—table and hand rollers. The hand-rolled cigarettes are best in appearance; the table-rolled can can be most quickly made. A good hand-roller will make about fifteen hundred cigarettes a day; the most rapid about two thousand; but this is quite an exceptional rate. The table-workers can roll about two thousand a day. It is singular that the tighter the tobacco is rolled the milder it smokes. A medium tightness is generally preferred, as best developing the flavour, and drawing readily.

The rolling is managed thus. The worker has a piece of cartridge-paper, on which he places the rice-paper. He has on a table before him a heap of cut tobacco, and takes up enough to make a cigarette of the size he is about to roll; he then, by a peculiar twist of the fingers, rolls the two papers round the tobacco, and, having done this, pulls out the cartridge-paper, leaving the tobacco enveloped only by the rice-paper. He then takes a strip of wood, and charges it slightly with paste made of the finest rice-starch, with which he touches the edge of the paper, so as to cement it, and prevent the cigarette from unrolling. Table-work is done in the same way, but the cartridge-paper is fixed to the table, instead of being held in the hand.

If the cigarette is to be without a mouth-piece, some of the tobacco is allowed to project beyond each end of the paper. The cigarette is handed to a girl, who cuts off the projecting part, and the cigarette is then ready for boxing. If it is to have a mouth-piece, the tobacco is not made to fill the whole length of the rice-paper; it projects only at one end, about an inch at the other being left empty. A girl then takes a piece of card, and rolling it tightly round a mould, like a penholder, pushes it into the empty end. The card, on being released, springs out, and holds itself tight against the rice-paper, and so forms the mouth-piece.

The dust that remains when the heap of fibre is all used, is taken away, and used by inferior houses to make dust-cigarettes, which are sold at a lower rate. They can easily be distinguished from the best by the fact that the ends of the paper are folded over, so as to prevent the dust from falling out. Cigarettes which have the ends open cannot be made of dust; and therefore their being open is a guarantee of their having been rolled of long tobacco, instead of having been filled in with dust.

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SOLE AGENT FOR
THEODORIDI & CO.,
LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

THE TWINS.

[FROM THE CAROLS OF COCKAYNE.]

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fix'd,
As we were being wash'd by nurse,
We got completely mix'd.
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree
(Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christen'd *me*,
And I got christen'd *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogg'd
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogg'd—
For John turn'd out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
To every one I knew,—
What *would* you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were *you?*

Our close resemblance turn'd the tide
Of my domestic life;
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died—the neighbours came
And buried brother John!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM THE LEVANT. By R. Arthur Arnold. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. No. 25. New Series. London: Chapman and Hall. January, 1869.

RUN TO EARTH. By Miss M. E. Braddon. London: John Maxwell and Co. 1868.

A CAROL.

Old Time and I, the other night,
Had a carouse together,
The wine was golden, warm, and bright,
Aye! just like Summer weather.

Quoth I, "Here's Christmas come again,
And I no farthing richer!"
Time answered, "Ah, the old, old strain!
I prithee pass the pitcher.

"Why measure all your good in gold?
No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get—'tis hard to hold;
Come, lad, fill up your beaker.

"Hast thou not found true friends more true,
And loving ones more loving?"
I could but say, "A few—a few!"
"So keep the liquor moving!"

"Hast thou not seen the prosperous knave
Come down a precious thumper?
His cheats disclosed?" "I have—I have!"
"Well, surely, that's a bumper?"

"Nay, hold awhile—I've seen the just
Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust,
And conquer!—That's a brimmer."

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
No brighter day's before 'em:
There's rest for ev'ry storm-tossed ark."
"So be it. Pass the jorum."

"Yet, I must own, I should not mind
To be a little richer."
"Labour and wait, and you may find—
Halloo! an empty pitcher!"

MARK LEMON.

Among the many good stories told of "Old Keate," perhaps the best is that of the boy who called on him to take leave. "You seem to know me very well," said the great Head-Master, "but I have no remembrance of ever having seen your face before." "You were better acquainted, sir, with my other end," was the unblushing reply.—*Saturday Review.*

ARTEMUS WARD.—Much interest has been manifested in the disposition made of Artemus Ward's estate by the English executors of the humourist. When he went to England he was worth about 15,000 dols., exclusive of his estate at Yonkers, on the Hudson, valued at 6,000 dols., and it now seems there is only about 1,000 dols. left besides the Yonkers property. It cost 6,500 dols. in greenbacks to get started in his entertainments at Egyptian Hall, London, and though he made money rapidly afterward, a correspondent says "it was impossible for a genial, whole-souled, generous fellow like Ward, with such hosts of friends and such surroundings as he had, to live frugally;" so that, contrary to his own expectations, the whole estate was absorbed during his residence and last illness abroad. He frequently changed his physicians, all of whom charged large fees, and it is said that many bills rendered against the estate were ridiculously exorbitant. Ward did not intend his will as a joke, but his English creditors have made a jest of its provisions.—*New York Tribune.*

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ALL NEW SEASONS.

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A most delicious and permanent perfume for the handkerchief and toilet.
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TEETH FIXED WITHOUT PAIN,
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"Ye MANCHESTER PYPE."

Communicated by the Ghost of Sir Walter Raleigh.

A sceptredde Kynge, who wore ye British crowne,
When bells and cap righte better hadde him suitedde,
Tryed hard to put man's sweetest solace doune—
Among some other notions wylde he mootedde,
As wycherafte deeminge ague and rheumatick,
And treatinge them untoe ye cure aquatick,
Which failynge—as yt sometymes didde somehowe—
He'd supplemente with faggotte, fire, and towe.
Weak gizzardedde! 'tis easie toe construe
Why 'gainst my baccy thy aversionne growe;
Toe be in fashionne thou ysmokinge tryed,
Which ynside out yturnedde thy ynside.—
Oh! had'st thou knowne offe LAMB'S RENOWNED PYPES,
Thou had'st notte felt gymnasticks in thy trypes,
But puffedde in peace and growne a wiser Kynge,
To wytcherafte uppe and—everie other thynge.—
Syth, as it is, thye "Counter-blast" ing witte,
Ye moderne notions will in no wise fytte;
Soe fare ye weal, old regal cockolorum,
Jacobus Primus, Rex Brittaniorum!

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THE PATENTEE and SOLE MANUFACTURER of the AMERICAN PRINTED PAPER WINDOW BLINDS has some pleasure in informing his friends, the public, and more especially the ladies, that within, or during three months past, not less than half-a-million of these blinds have been consumed in Yorkshire and the Midland Counties of England. Millions have been sold since they were first patented, in 1864. The White Felted ones are equal in appearance to the purest bleached linen. The Widths of the printed ones are, 38 inches, 43 inches, 50 inches, 54 inches, and 60 inches. The latter are especially suitable for sun blinds for shops. They are made any length, to suit any window. Prices, 38in. 2½d per yard; 43in. 3d. per yard; 50in. 3½d. per yard; 54in. 4d. per yard; 60in. 4½d per yard.
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T. M. FISHER, SONS, & SMITH, are favoured by instructions from the Assignees of Mr. William Richardson Roebuck, a Bankrupt, to OFFER FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION, at a time and place of which due notice will shortly be given by subsequent advertisement (subject to certain conditions of sale and to certain charges which will be set out in such conditions), all that Valuable ANNUITY, equal to one-half of the net profits of the old-established business of Richardson Roebuck and Co., Grocers, &c., carried on in Market Place, Manchester, secured by a certain deed dated 1st May, 1868. The annuitant is now of the age of 46 years, or thereabouts.—Further particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Lawrence Hardwick and Co., Solicitors, 157, Fenchurch-street, London; Messrs. SALE, SHIPMAN, and CO., Solicitors, 29, Booth-street, Manchester, where a copy of the deed creating the annuity may hereafter be inspected: and of the Auctioneer, 16, Tib Lane, Manchester.

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2 Bottles Superior Port.
2 Bottles Superior Claret.
1 Bottle Superior Champagne (Louis Boederer, Carte Blanche).
1 Bottle Curaçoa.
1 Bottle Choice Old Brandy (Hennessy's).
1 Bottle Choice Old Whisky.
1 Bottle Choice Milk Punch.

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